Titus. Haile Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds,
Loe as the barke that hath discharged his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she wayed her anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To resalute his country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty valiant sonnes,
Halfe of the number that king *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
These that surviue, let Rome reward with loue:
These that I bring vnto their latest home,
With buriall amongst their auncestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my sword,
Titus vnkinde, and careles of thine owne,
Why suffrest thou thy sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, slaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
Lucius. Giue vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh:
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnappeasd,
Nor we disturbd with prodigies on earth.

Titus

Titus. I giue him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest sonne of his distressed Queene.
Tamo. Stay Romaine brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I shed,
A mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonne to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But must my sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O if to fight for king and common weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus staine not thy tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice noble *Titus* spare my first borne sonne.
Titus. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whome you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their bretheren slaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt and die he must,
T'appease their groning shadowes that are gone.
Lucius. Away with him and make a fire straight,
And with our swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consumde.

Exit Titus sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamora. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chiron. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?
Deme. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we surviue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning looke.

Then